PORTLAND MAGAZINE.

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General Miscellany.

A WOMAN'S SMILE.

ON earth there's nothing worth poſſeſſing
Or can the ills of life beguile,
Without that deareſt, ſweeteſt bleſſing.
The magic of a WOMAN'S SMILE.

The glare of wealth, the pomp of fame,
Are ſenſeleſs treaſures, joyleſs, vile,
Are baubles with a ſplendid name,
Without the charm of WOMAN'S SMILE.

The noxious clouds of motley care,
That thicken round our joys awhile,
Like morning miſt, diſſolve in air
Before the beams of WOMAN'S SMILE.

How ſweet the ſun's bright beam muſt be,
After long night to Zembla's iſle!
But oh! much ſweeter far to me,
The ſunſhine of a WOMAN'S SMILE!

Then place me, Fate, where'er you may,
'Mid dreary waſte, or ſavage iſle;
For oe'r my ſoul no gloom can ſtray,
While I am bleſt with WOMAN'S SMILE.

To a Lively Brunette, who deſired the author to make ſome verſes on her.

Do not expect me to compare
The ſnow-white lilly, love, to you,
For candour prompts me to declare
The lilly faireſt of the two.

And ſhould I ſay the roſe's hue,
On thy ſoft cheek more freſhly glows,
'Twould be a compliment to you,
But very little to the roſe.

But who would quit ſo warm a breaſt,
To dangle after roſe or lilly?
For many in their colours dreſſed,
Are things as ſenſeleſs and as ſilly.

Say, who that feels a kindred glow,
Would quit a heart ſo fond, ſo true,
To ſeek a boſom white as ſnow,
Perhaps with all its coldneſs too?

EXTRACT.

THERE is a very ſingular paſſage in Pliny, which I do not know whether it has ever been tried by the moderns; it is in his 32d book and 5th chapter.

"Democritus ſays, let the tongue of a living frog be extracted, without permitting a particle of its other fleſh to adhere to it; then throw it into water; after a ſhort time take it out, and lay it on the breaſt of a woman aſleep, on the ſpot where the palpitation of her heart is perceptible; whatever queſtions you then propoſe to her, ſhe will anſwer to you truly."—What an eaſy and admirable mode this of diſcovering the thoughts and affections of the coy, the coquetiſh and gallant female? Little do they know the power of this key, which infallibly unlocks all the amorous ſecrets contained in their breaſts! I might have made a fortune by advertiſing this valuable recipe, which effually curbed the vagaries of the Grecian ladies 2000 years ago. The ladies will be obliged to me, I expect, for putting them on their guard,

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The famous Boccalini, in his advertiſement from Parnaſſus, tells us, a critic preſenting Apollo with a very ſevere cenſure upon an excellent poem, was aſked for the good things in that work; but the wretch anſwering he minded only the errors, Apollo ordered a ſack of unwinnowed wheat to be brought, and the critic to pick out and take all the chaff for his pains.

D'Arezzo, a celebrated lawyer in the fifteenth, century, purloined, with the aſſiſtance of his ſervants, ſeveral pieces of meat from a butcher's ſhop. Two of his ſcholars, of doubtful characters, were put in priſon for the theft. D'Arezzo in vain accuſed himſelf: it was affair was blown over, and the ſtudents let at liberty; paying a certain ſum, D'Arezzo brought undoubted proofs that he had been the thief. On being aſked why he committed an action ſo unlike himſelf, and of which no one would have ſuſpected him, he replied, he did it to ſet in a ſtrong light the advantages of a well eſtabliſhed character.

The following extract from the Literary Tables, is well worth peruſal and attention.

Difference between Theory and Practice.

In ordinary concerns moſt perſons have good theories. How generally people conſider economy eſſential to good living. They reaſon with great propriety reſpecting its advantages; which they can particularly enumerate. They know what is neceſſary to conſtitute an economiſt; and are ſenſible, that, if perſons were more induſtrous and frugal, poverty and miſery would abound infinitely leſs than they do at preſent. But through the influence of a ſlothful diſpoſition, theſe very men and women who have ſo clear an underſtanding of this ſubject and its importance, waſte more every day than would ſupport their families.

Young ladies and gentlemen often ſpeculate very rationally concerning the intereſting and ſolemn connection of matrimony. They reſolve that real merit alone, ſhall determine them in the choice of partners for life; that, in this momentous affair, they will not yield to the wild ſuggeſtion of imagination, or the more pleaſing dreams of brilliant fancy. But were we to form an opinion from their general practice, we ſhould conclude, they had given themſelves up to the guidance of fancy.

That young people ought to be wholly inſenſible to the charms of beauty, totally diſregard elegant and polite accompliſhments, are ſentiments the writer would by no means advocate. Handſome features, and an eaſy addreſs, muſt, in the view of all, appear very deſirable qualities. But to make theſe the criterion of choice, argues folly and weakneſs in the extreme.

Parents know, they ought ſeaſonably to correct their children, before vicious habits become confirmed; that the neglect of this duty will exceedingly injure ſociety; and will prove the preſent, if not the eternal ruin of their offſpring. What a dreadful curſe thoſe parents are to community, who bring into it, by their unfaithfulneſs, thieves, robbers, murderers, and the perpetrators of all other villanous, horrid crimes! Unleſs children are properly reſtrained, governed and educated, there is no reaſon to expect any thing better from them than ſuch flagrant acts of wickedneſs. Notwithſtanding parents believe all this, yet, from a cruel fondneſs, they bring them up in ignorance and idleneſs, and in[illegible] diſobedience and obſtinacy, until they

The moſt profligate unnatural and obſtinacy, until they the nature of moral obligation; and, from the principles of it, can deduce regular and well conſtructed ſyſtems, for the conduct of mankind. Drunkards, gamblers, ſeducers, and all other abandoned wretches, may have as clear perceptions of the evils accuring from their practices as the moſt virtuous men have. Multitudes of thoſe, who believe the exiſtence of God, the immortality of the ſoul, the perpetuity of future puniſhment, and a day of final retribution, in which they ſhall be judged 'accordin to their works,' live in the conſtant and allowed neglect of thoſe duties God has expreſsly enjoyed; and in the daily gratification of thoſe diſpoſitions, which, if not repented of, will land them in everlaſting deſpair. Solemn thought! How great muſt be the ſtrength of depravity in the heart, to lead perſons directly counter to all this light and conviction!

Theſe, and all conceivable inſtances, in which theory and practice do not harmonize, evince, that men are governed, not by their underſtanding, but their inclinations. Are perſons led aſtray by hurtful and vicious paſſion? then thoſe ſenſes which tend to excite ſuch, are to be avoided, as being dangerous and fatal.

If youth are liable to appreciate ſuperficial accompli-

ments too highly; then thoſe faſhionable amuſements, in which ſuch only, are brought into view, muſt have a very pernicious tendency. Several other weighty inferences the reader will draw, with much ſelf-application.

DICOS TANTALOS.

HISTORY OF JERUSALEM.

According to Manetho, an Egyptian hiſtorian, Jeruſalem was founded by the ſhepherds, who invaded Egypt in an unknown period of antiquity. According to Joſephus, it was the capital of Melchizedeck's kingdom and built in honor of that prince, by twelve neighboring kings.

We know nothing of it with certainty, however, till the time of king David, who took it from the Jebuſites, and made it the capital of his kingdom. It was firſt taken in the days of Jehoaſh by Hazael, king of Aſſyria, who ſlew all the nobility, but did not deſtroy their city.

It was afterwards taken by Nebuchadnezzer, king of Babylon, who deſtroyed it and carried away the inhabitants. Seventy years afterwards permiſſion was granted by Cyrus, king of Perſia, to the Jews to rebuild their city, which was done: and it continued the capital of Judea till the time of Veſpaſian emperor of Rome, by whoſe ſon Titus it was totally deſtroyed.

It was however rebuilt, by Adrian, and ſeemed likely to recover its former grandeur; but it flouriſhed for a ſhort time only. When the empreſs Helena, mother of Conſtantine the great, came to viſit it, ſhe found it in a moſt forlorn and ruinous ſituation.

Having formed a deſign of reſtoring it to its ancient luſtre, ſhe cauſed, with a great deal of coſt and labor, all the rubbiſh which had been thrown upon thoſe places where our Saviour had ſuffered, been buried, &c. to be removed.

In doing this, they found the croſs on which he died, as well thoſe of the two malefactors who ſuffered with him. She then cauſed a magnificent church to be built, which encloſed as many ſcenes of our Saviour's ſufferings as could conveniently be done.

This church, which ſtands on Mount Calvary, is ſtill in good repair, being ſupported by the donations of pilgrims who are reſorting to it. Here is to be ſeen our ſaviour's ſepulchre, hewn out of a ſolid rock; and the very hole in the rock in which it is ſaid the foot of the croſs was fixed, with many other curioſities.

The building on the firſt floor was at leaſt 900 feet; and the ſtones employed about the ramparts, were, according to Joſephus, 40 cubits long, 12 thick, and 8 high, all of poliſhed marble, and ſo well joined as to appear like one ſolid rock.

After the deſtruction of this temple, it is ſaid that the emperor Julian attempted to rebuild it, in order to falſify our Saviour's prophecy, namely, that it ſhould be totally deſtroyed without one ſtone's being left upon another. In this, however, he was defeated by earthquakes, fiery eruptions, &c. which deſtroyed his materials, and killed many of his workmen.

At preſent, Jeruſalem is but a poor, thinly inhabited town, about three miles in circumference, ſurrounded with mountains on all ſides except the north, with ſteep aſcents and deep vallies.

DREADFUL CASUALTY!—One night laſt week, an unfortunate man, who was before deeply "*intoxicated in liquor*," (an Iriſh phraſe) gained admittance into a public houſe, near Cork, and having drank an additional half a point of whiſkey, ſat down by the kitching-fire from whence it was found impoſſible to remove him. The owner of the houſe humanely ſuffered him to remain there during the night; but, on coming down early the next morning to look after his ſtrange gueſt, he found that the wretched man, during his ſtate of inſenſibility, had actually burned his leg off, nor did he *awake* till the fire approached the pan of his knee! The Reader will be glad to hear that the leg was —*a wooden one!* [*London pap.*]

The French drama L'Abbede L'Epee was lately performed at Lindau in Germany, in a manner altogether new. The part of Theodore was played by a child of 13 years, who had been really deaf and dumb from his birth: and that of the Abbe by the tutor who had taught him to read and write.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTE

OF MADEMOISELLE DE SALIGNAC.

THIS gentlewoman was of a good family in France; and loſt her ſight when only two years old, her mother having been adviſed to lay ſome pigeon's blood on her eyes, to preſerve them in the ſmall-pox; whereas, ſo far from anſwering the end, it eat into them; nature, however may be ſaid to have compenſated for the unhappy miſtake, by beauty of perſon, ſweetneſs of temper, vivacity of genius, quickneſs of conception, and many talents which certainly much alleviated her misfortune.

She could play at cards with the ſame readineſs as others of the party; ſhe firſt prepared the packs allotted to her by pricking them in ſeveral parts, yet ſo imperceptibly that the cloſeſt inſpection could ſcarcely diſcern her index. She could ſort the ſuits, and arrange the cards in their proper ſequence, with the ſame preciſion, and nearly the ſame facility, as thoſe who had their ſight. All ſhe required of thoſe who played with her, was to name every card as it was played; and theſe ſhe retained ſo exactly, that ſhe frequently performed ſome notable ſtrokes, ſuch as ſhewed a great combination and ſtrong memory.

The moſt wonderful circumſtance is that ſhe ſhould have learned to read and write: but even this is readily believed on knowing her method. In writing to her, no ink was uſed, but the letters were pricked down on the paper; and by the delicacy of her touch, feeling each letter, ſhe could follow them ſucceſſively, and read every word with her finger ends. She herſelf, in writing made uſe of a pencil, as ſhe could not know when her pen was dry; her guide on the paper was a ſmall thin ruler, and the breadth of her writing. On finiſhing a letter, ſhe would wet it, ſo as to fix the trace of her peneil that they were not obſcured or effaced; then ſhe proceeded to fold and ſeal it, and write the direction; all by her own addreſs, and without the aſſiſtance of any other perſon. Her writing was very ſtraight, well cut and the ſpelling no leſs correct. To reach this ſingular mechaniſm, the indefatigable cares of her affectionate mother were long employed, who accuſtomed her the whole alphabet, and afterwards to ſpell words; then by the remembrance of the ſhade of the letter to deleniate them on paper; and, laſtly, to arrange them ſo as to form words and ſentences.

She learned to play on the guitar, and even contrived a way of pricking down her tunes as an aſſiſtance to her memory. So delicate were her organs that, in ſinging a tune, though new to her, ſhe was able to name the notes.

In figure dances ſhe acquitted herſelf extremely well, and in a minuet, with inimitable eaſe and gracefulneſs. As the works of her ſex, ſhe had a maſterly hand; ſhe could ſew and hem perfectly well; and in all her works ſhe threaded the needle for herſelf, however ſmall.

By her watch, her touch never failed telling her exactly the hour and minute.

From a London Paper.

MRS. SIDDONS.

The following Extract from the *Bibliotheque Britannique*, publiſhed at Geneva, may be acceptable to our readers, as it relates to the chief ornament of the Engliſh Stage:

"I have been but little to the Theatre; Mrs. SIDDONS is in the country. There are few examples of an actreſs who has preſerved ſo long the public favor, and all the means of preſerving it. She is, beſides, received in the beſt ſociety, and I have often met her at dinner with general Harcourt, near Windſor. She preſerves (as did Mademoiſelle Clairon in her time) dignity in her manners, and the air of a princeſs, which ſhe has acquired on the ſtage; ſhe is beſides good and amiable, and, beneath manners a little repulſive, ſhe has many traits, and an air of nobility which attends her in all her characters. Her brother, Mr. Kemble, one of the beſt tragic actors, if not the firſt, is alſo a very fine figure.

"You may judge of the enthuſiaſm which Mrs. SIDDONS excites, by the letter which I ſend you, and which ſhe received one day anonymouſly, without ever having been able, in ſpite of all her reſearches, to diſcover the author. I tranſlate it word for word, from a copy made from the original by a friend of that actreſs, who is alſo mine, and to whom ſhe confided it with permiſſion to tranſcribe it. She was then at Dublin, where ſhe goes almoſt every year.

'To Mrs. Siddons.

'MADAM,

'Although I have not the honor to be perſonally known to you, I have the preſumption to addreſs myſelf to you as the cauſe (I have the air of announcing a paradox) both of my happineſs and my ruin.

'I am the ſon of a gentleman reſiding in England, of a good family, but little fortune. I was the youngeſt of 3 brothers, and held the leaſt affections.—My income was reſtricted to an annual rent of £20 ſterling, with which I lived frugally, but happily, for a year and an half. At this epoch my father died of an apoplexy, my brothers left the country, and I remained alone, to do as well as I could do in the vaſt deſerts of adverſity. All the inheritance of my father was ſold to pay his debts; and I took my courſe towards London, with my £20, five of which I employed in lodging myſelf in a garret, and reſtricted myſelf to one meal a day. With the little money I could ſpare I frequented the theatre to ſee Mr. Garrick, Mr. Barry, Mrs. Clive, and Mrs. Barry. I lived in this manner for forty years, at the end of which period ſome of them had left the theatre, and the others had quitted the ſtage of life. Alas, what was then my ſituation? Deprived of the only enjoyment upon which I ſet any value—having ſold my property for a ſum of money, which was reduced by little and little to a guinea; poſſeſſing no property but the clothes upon my back, and the hat upon my head—and having no place to repoſe in—I reſolved to try my fortune in Dublin. I embarked at 5 in the morning and paſſed 15 hours on the paſſage in the moſt cruel ſufferings, for which (afflicting idea) I had to pay a fourth of the poor remnant of my caſh.

'Figure to yourſelf, Madam an unfortunate being, thrown into Dublin with twelve ſhillings in his purſe, ſick to death, and not acquainted with a ſingle perſon in all Ireland—ſuch was my ſituation. But when things of deſpair, I ſaw a lotery office open; I expended there all that I had, except enough to procure me ſupper and a bed. I will be brief; in about 2 days I recieved 40l. ſterling. This ſum ſupported me until the laſt fortnight—Having learnt that you were expected at Dublin, I ſaved a little, and at your arrival I had 1l. ſterling to ſpend to enjoy the happineſs of ſeeing you. I ſeated myſelf in the middle of the gallery every night when you played, until your laſt character of *Belvidera*. I fear I ſhall tire you: At my return from the Theatre, my landlord entered my chamber, ſweareng that I ſhould pay him, or immediately quit his houſe—Repreſentations were uſeleſs, and my pound ſterling was leſſened ſeveral ſhillings. I had neither ſupper or breakfaſt the two following days. The day that you were announced in the character of *Jane Shore*, I ſold my buckles for 15s; I went to the Theatre, and had ſome ſupper. At my return to my lodging, I found the door was ſhut, and my landlord informed me from the window, that I might go where I pleaſed, but ſhould not return to his houſe. Full of reſentment I withderw without ſaying a ſingle word. O God! to what an extremity am I reduced!—Too old to labour, being upwards of 70—dying with hunger, for I have only one ſlender repaſt during four days—without any further hope of ſeeing you, my only happineſs; for in contemplating you I forgot all my cares, and think myſelf ſeated at a good dinner; and unable to experience an enjoyment approaching to the idea I have formed of celeſtial happineſs, for ſuch is what I have taſted in ſeeing you at the Theatre. But I have ſaid enough; I have borrowed from a ſtranger the paper on which I write. I have taken the greateſt care that you ſhould not diſcover me, for fear you ſhould ſuſpect I am actuated by intereſted views.

I am, with profound reſpect, &c.——.

Intelligence.

Suicide.—The fubfequent cafe of this awful crime is peculiarly affecting. On perufing who does not with us deeply regret that the elegant and pious Addifon ever countenanced, in the remoteft manner, the fin of fuicide. In an unguarded moment he held up his *Cato* as an example of magnanimity, and here alas! the example is followed with a fatal deference.

EASTON, (Maryland) MAY 14.

The following letter was left by a Mr. John Hilliard, of the Delaware ftate who commenced the ftudy of phyfic; but not making himfelf perfect in it previous to a meting of the Medical Board, held in this town in April laft, he was by that board advifed to return to his ftudies, as being unqualified for the practice of Medicine—though he had been practifing fome weeks, from a permit obtained for that purpofe, previous to the meting of the Board. Finding himfelf rejected, probably from his own inattention, he expreffed a determination not to furvive; and on his way home he attempted to blow his brains out by a piftol, which ftained, and was further prevented by thofe prefent. In giving publicity to the letter we cannot withhold a degree of fympathy with his relations for his untimely end; and focie.y for the rafh and unwarrantable act of felf murder.

EASTON, APRIL 1805.

Dear Parents and Relatives

Forgive a fon, a relative whofe inattention and diffipation, has driven him to felf-murder. Never think of me more. I am unworthy of your love, affection, or eſteem, much leſs forrow and regard; Adieu—What Cato did, and Addifon approved of who can cenfure. If a father has any affection for his fon, indemnify Doctor Elijah Barret, who has been a worthy friend and dear friend to me.

P. S. I hope to meet you in the kingdom of Heaven—my laft prayers are to the God of my exiſtence. I ſhall experience the awful realities of eternity by the medium of laudanum. J. H.

If you poſſibly can, pay all my debts.—The embarraſſed ſtate of my affairs, the reprimand of a fond father, the ſighs and reproaches of an indulgent mother, and the rebuke of an aged aunt have ſo much hurt and diſtracted me, as to urge me on to the deliberate act of ſelf murder. My God! I ſhudder to relate it—but in my dying moments I will not deny the fact.—Pardon me, oh God! and excuſe me, oh! beloved parents and relatives, and do not bewail a ſon and connection unworthy of you. I can ſay no more! my heart is ready to burſt, my tears cloud my eyes, I recommend myſelf to God.

Dear father and mother, and J. R. C. if you love your ſon indemnify Dr. Barret. Adieu.

JOHN HILLIARD.

If we inquire of another, we ſhall find that he is hurhurried on to deſpair by the proſpect of *diſgrace* He has perhaps, been betrayed into infamous crimes, or leſs criminally, into circumſtances which, he fears, have deſtroyed his reputation, and he cannot think of ſurviving his character. But, alas! deluded man! are you ſo thoughtleſs as not to perceive that your calculation is as falſe as the deſign which you harbor is criminal? If you are now in diſgrace, what advantage will you gain by hiding yourſelf in the grave? Certainly none. On the contrary, you will aggravate inſtead diminiſhing the evil; becauſe you will ſeal yourſelf up under eternal infamy, and cut off all hopes of regaining public eſteem. Rather live, and by a courſe of worthy actions, endeavor to retrieve your character. Live! and teſtify by your future conduct, that you are neither irreclaimable nor unprincipled.—MILLER'S *diſcourſes on Suicide.*

WINDHAM, (Conn.) MAY 9.

Training-day Accidents.—Laſt Monday, towards evening, Mr. Ezra Selden, and Mr. Selden Davis, young men belonging to the firſt military company in this town, were both deſperately wounded in the head, by the burſting of a ſmall-arm, which had been very deeply loaded with powder, and imprudently diſcharged by Mr. Selden.—About a foot of the gun, towards the breech, flew to atoms, and took different directions; ſome of the pieces penetrated Selden's hat, and cut and mangled his head in a ſhocking manner—one of his hands was very much burnt and wounded, beſides injury in other parts of the body.—Davis was a few paces from the exploſion—a piece of the gun-barrel about a finger's length and width, ſtruck him on the foretop of his head which was covered by his hat, and which muſt have greatly impeded the force of the blow: the iron however went into the hat, tore up a large piece of the ſcalp, and fractured the ſkull bone, and when the hat was picked up, the iron was found in it. What will be the fate of the young men, in conſequence of their wounds, is yet very uncertain. Several other perſons received ſlight contuſions from the ſplinters; but conſidering the great number of perſons that were ſtanding near the place, it is ſurpriſing that more injury was not ſuſtained.

At Columbia, on the ſame day Mr. Gideon Hoxſie, jun. of Lebanon, a young man, belonging to the troop, was inſtantly killed by a wad of bark, which a lad had drove into a muſket, and diſcharged at a window, the moment Hoxſie put his head out to fire his piſtol. The wad ſtruck his collar bone which it broke, and entered conſiderably down his body, owing to his ſtooping poſition at that inſtant; he fell back, and expired with ſcarce a ſtruggle. His funeral was attended on the following day, by a very large concourſe of people.

At Lebanon, a lad had his foot conſiderably hurt, and a man at Woodſtock his hand blown off or ſhattered to pieces, both by the careleſs uſe of fire-arms, on the day of training.

NEWBURYPORT, MAY 24.

FEMALE SOCIETY.

Yeſterday the ſecond anniverſary of the "*Newburyport Female Charitable Society*" was celebrated. A patriotic and beautiful diſcourſe was delivered at St. Paul's church by the rev. James Morſe. The muſic was appropriate, and charmingly performed.

A collection for the ſociety's funds was made amounting to 115 dollars,

The following Hymn, was compoſed for the occaſion.

ALL gracious Sovereign of the ſkies!
To thee our thankful hearts arise,
To thee our praiſe we bring,
The orphan's hope the *widow's friend*
will ſure a kind attention lend,
While we his goodneſs ſing.

Once we were outcaſt and diſtreſt,
With ſnares beſet, with wants oppreſt,
And woes ——— a heavy load.
No ſolace, ſave a mother's tear,
No father form'd our lips to prayer,
Nor taught the way to God.

But mercy's eye beheld our grief,
Our Father—God has ſent relief;
By angel hands it came.
Now ſnatch'd from ſnares, and wants, and woes,
We learn His praiſe who all beſtows,
And liſp a Saviour's name.

O melt our hearts to grateful love!
And train us to that world above,
Where all thy friends are bleſt.
O may we ſee our patrons there,
Aſſiſt their praiſe their glory ſhare,
And find eternal reſt.

OSSIAN'S POEMS.—The long diſputed manuſcript of the Poems of Oſſian, in the original Celtic, are now in the preſs under the auſpicies of the Highland Society, to be accompanied by a latin tranſlation by the late Mr. Macfarlane. The whole, ſays the London Monthly Magazine, will form two large volums octavo.

London Paper.

One of the Pariſian projectors has publiſhed a ſcheme for uniting the Rhine and Seine, and making Paris a central depot for the commerce of the two rivers. He propoſes, of courſe, to call this the Navigation Bonaparte.

Portland:
SATURDAY, JUNE 1.

The Supreme Judicial Court held its Spring term in this town during the preſent week. The Court was compoſed of the Hon. Meſſrs. Sedgwick, Sewall and Thatcher. Judge Sedgwick delivered a learned and able Charge to the Jury.

The Diſtrict Federal Court alſo ſat in town during this week.

Maſſachuſetts Annual Election.—On Wedneſday laſt, the Legiſlature of this State met at Boſton. The Senate made choice of the Hon. Harriſon G. Otis for Preſident, and Wendell Davis, Eſq. for Clerk. The Houſe choſe the Hon. Timothy Bigelow, Speaker, and Nicholas Tillinghaſt, Clerk. In the Senate 37 members were preſent—and in the Houſe 327. After being thus organized, the two branches of the Legiſlature, being joined by the Governor and Council, were eſcorted to the old South meeting houſe where a Sermon was pronounced by the Rev. John Allyn, of Duxborough.

It is ſaid that the Hon. Roger Griſwold, and the Hon. Calvin Goddard, two Repreſentatives in Congreſs from Connecticut, have reſigned.

The Knot.

"Hail holy flame! divine effulgence hail!
Pure as the virgin bluſh of breezy morn,
Mild as the fanning of the vernal gale,
Bright as the dew-drop on the mountain thorn."

MARRIED,

At Boſton, Mr. William Lord, mer. of this town, to Mrs. Suſannah Harris, of the former place.

At Otiſfield, Mr. —— Lakin, aged 65, to Miſs Dorcas Gammon, aged 20.

At Eaſtport, Mr. Stephen Jones, mer. to Miſs Elizabeth B. Young.

At Boſton, Mr. John Jenks, jun. merchant, of Salem, to Miſs Deborah White.

The Knell.

The moments as they ſwiftly paſs
Adown life's ever running glaſs;
Life's warm pulſations few, and fret,
All intimate eternity.

DIED,

In Amherſt, N. H. Mr. John Pennel Kendrick, aged 50, the unhappy man lately mentioned as having killed his mother and ſiſter in a fit of infanity.

In New-Gloceſter, the 23d inſt. Mr.—Ramſdell was found dead, in the road, about three rods from his horſe, with his neck broken, ſome hairs of the mane in his hand, and the bridle round his foot.

In London, 11th March, Mrs. Hunt, the wife of the Rev. J. Hunt, one of the Loyaliſts who left this country in the revolutionary war.

In Bath, (Eng) the Hon. Thomas Pownall, Formerly Governor of New-Jerſy. ☞ Thomas Pownall *was Governor of Maſſachuſetts in* 1757.

In London, Dr. Miller, Æt. 72; an author of ſeveral valuable works on medicine.

In England, Elizabeth Clayton, Æt. 60: This woman, from an early propenſity to maſculine employments, had worked as a ſhip-carpenter at a dock-yard upwards of 40 years, and always in man's apparel;—ſhe uſed to dring, chew tobacco, and keep company only with the workmen, yet would never enter into the matrimonial ſtate: She was a ſtrong, robuſt woman, and never permitted any one to inſult her with impunity.

In London, Lord Hawke.

In Paris, M. Claude Chappe, inventor and manager of the Telegraphe, Æt. 40.

KILLED.—In this town, on Sunday laſt by the tumbling of a cart body, while attempting to climb it, Maſter Benjamin White, aged 8 years.

In Halifax, Mr. Archibald Gay, printer of the Nova-ſcotia Gazette.

Poetry.

FOR THE PORTLAND MAGAZINE.

MR. JENKS,

The following ingenious productions, were written and publiſhed in this Diſtrict, in 1795. Altho they have ſince been republiſhed in many of the literary journals of this country, their merit will undoubtedly render them acceptable to the readers of the Magazine.

CANT PHRASES.

AS ſound as a nut o'er the plain
I of late whiſtled, *chock* full of glee;
A ſtranger to ſorrow and pain,
As happy as happy could be.

As plump as a patridge I grew,
My heart being lighter than cork;
My ſlumbers were calmer than dew!
My body was fatter than pork!

Thus happy hop'd I ſhould paſs,
Sleek as greaſe down the current of time;
But pleaſures are brittle as glaſs,
Although as a fiddle they're fine.

Jemima the pride of the vale,
Like a top nimbly danc'd o'er the plains,
With envy the laſſes were pale—
With wonder ſtood gaping the ſwains.

She ſmil'd like a baſket of chips,—
As tall as a haypole her ſize,—
As ſweet as molaſſes her lips—
As bright as a button her eyes.

Admiring, I gaz'd on each charm,
My peace that would trouble ſo ſoon,
And thought not of danger, nor harm,
Any more that the man in the moon.

But now to my ſorrow I find,
Her heart is as hard as a brick;
To my paſſion forever unkind,
Tho' of paſſion I'm full as a tick.

I ſought her affections to win,
In hopes of obtaining relief;
Till I like a hatchet grew thin,
And ſhe like a haddock grew deaf.

Late was as fat as a doe,
And playſome and ſpry as a cat;
But now I am dull as a hoe,
And lean and as weak as a rat.

Unleſs the unpitying fates,
With paſſion as ardent ſhall cram her,
As certain as death or as rates,
I ſoon ſhall be dead as a hammmer.

KADANDA.

Northyarmouth, April, 1795.

JEMIMA, IN REPLY TO KADANDA.

AN ODE.

ARGUMENT. *JEMIMA talketh pathetically. She admoniſheth the nymphs, and chargeth* KADANDA *with falſehood. Speaketh of former cheerfulneſs, prancing, and coltiſhness. She compareth herſelf to an arrow and a butterfly. Repreſenteth* KADANDA *as gazing, and whinning. Introduceth rare ſimiles, and talketh of new milk and of pumpkins. She looketh grey and lean. Her eyes become red and blind.* JEMIMA *approacheth nigh unto death.*

YE nymphs who unthingingly rove,
As merry as crickets at eve;
Beware of *Kadanda's* falſe love,
For the ſhepherd will ſurely deceive.

I once was as cheerful as you,
And pranc'd like a colt o'er the plain,
Whil ſwift as an arrow I flew,
Ie laughed at each amorous ſwain.

My locks were as black as a crow,
And I dreſſ'd like a butterfly gay;
My ſkin was as white as the ſnow
And I ſung like a lark all the day:

As unfix'd as the wind or the weather,
I car'd not a fig what was ſaid;
My heart was as light as a feather,
But now it is heavy as lead.

For of late as I ramlbed the grove,
Kadanda I met the mean while;
He gaz'd--whined—and talked ſo of love,
That I thought his words ſmoother than oil.

His eyes were as blue as the ſky,
And his ringlets were ſofter than ſilk;
His boſom was big with a ſigh,
And his heart ſeemed as warm as new milk.

His paſſion he ſwore was as ſtrong,
As muſtard, and firm as a rock,
That his love ſhould continue as long—
I believed every word that he ſpoke;

He now has forſaken me quite,
Some other *Jemima* to follow;
But her favours the traitor will ſlight,
For his heart like a pumpkin is hollow.

I mourn like a dove all the day,
And my face is grown lean as a rake;
My body is ſo pined away,
That I'm almoſt as poor as a ſnake.

My locks are grown gray as a rat,
Which the ſwains uſed to praiſe and admire;
And my eyes are as blind as a bat,
And with weeping become red as fire.

Thus flat as a pan-cake I lie,
By love, cruel love I'm undone;
I am ſick as a horſe, and ſhall die
For *Kadanda*, as ſure as a gun.

JEMIMA.

Portland, May, 1795.

Selections.

READING operates on the mind as ſeed ſown in the earth, it produces ſeed like original, but yields an abundant increaſe. A good writer exhibits in his performances, a ſimilitude of thought to thoſe from whom he has derived an inſtruction, but produces an improvement on the original, by the diſplay of new ideas as well as poliſh in ſtyle and ſentiments.

We cannot tell the preciſe moment when FRIENDSHIP is formed: as in filling a veſſel, drop by drop, there is a laſt drop which makes it run over; ſo in the ſeries of kindneſs there is a laſt one which makes the heart run over. This delicious drop, the ſweeteſt in the cup of life, happy is he who has experienced! This moment, worth whole years of common life, fortunate is he who has enjoyed!

DESCRIPTION OF VIRTUOUS LOVE,

By GUCORA, a Spaniſh Biſhop.

"It glows, but ſcorches not; it enlightens, but hurts not; it burns, but conſumes not; it glitters, but dazzles not; it refines without deſtroying; and it is painful though pleaſant."

Lockman, the celebrated Perſian moraliſt, relates the following ſtory of himſelf: "I was once," ſays he, "ſo poor, that I had not wherewith to buy me a pair of ſhoes, and was obliged to go bare-footed. However patient I had until then been, I now became very diſſatisfied with my lot, and entered the temple at Caffa extremely melancholy and diſcontented. I here ſaw a man who had no legs; reflecting on whoſe condition, I no longer complained of wanting ſhoes, but gave thanks to GOD, from the bottom of my heart, that I could ſtill walk, tho bare footed. How much better is it, thought I, to be without ſhoes, than without legs! If this poor man could recover his legs, how extatic would be his joy, tho he ſhould have no ſhoes!"

The great Dr. Johnſon thus writes to his friend to encourage him to overcome Indolence and Irreſolution.

Reſolve and keep your reſolution; chooſe and purſue your choice. If you ſpend this day in ſtudy, you will find yourſelf ſtill more able to ſtudy to-morrow; not that you are to expect that you ſhall at once obtain a complete victory. Depravity is not easily overcome. Reſolution will ſometimes relax, and diligence will ſometimes be interrupted: but let no accidental ſurpriſe or deviation whether ſhort or long diſpoſe you to diſpondency. Conſider theſe failings as incident to all mankind. Begin where you left off; and endeavour to avoid the ſeducements that prevailed over you before.

Agricultural.

METHOD OF DESTROYING CATTERPILLARS ON TREES.

Take a chaffing diſh with lighted charcoal, and placing it under the branches that are loaded with catterpillnrs, throw ſome pinches of brimſtone upon the coals. The vapor of the ſulphur, which is mortal to the inſects, will not only deſtroy all that are on the tree, but prevent it from being infeſted with them afterwards. A pound of ſulphur will clear as many trees as grow on ſeveral acres.

The following is ſaid to be infallible againſt catterpillars feeding on cabbage, and perhaps may be equally ſerviceable againſt thoſe that infeſt other vegetables. Sow with hemp all the borders of the ground where you mean to plant your cabbage; and altho the neighborhood is infeſted with catterpillars, the ſpace encloſed by the hemp will be perfectly free, not one of the vermin will approach it.

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